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PRISONERS AT SEVIER

Germans Are Being Held In Stockade There.

THEY BEHAVE THEMSELVES NICELY.

Good Workers All, and They Keep Themselves Busy so as to Avoid Any Possibility of Trouble.

(Passed by the Censor.)

Correspondence The Yorkville Enquirer.

Camp Sevier, July 10.—Several score German prisoners have recently been sent to Camp Sevier to be put to work on improvements here and many a soldier in training has within the past few days for the first time gazed on citizens of the empire of Hunism and Kultur which he will soon be assisting in subduing. Arrival of these prisoners has naturally created much interest among the soldiers. Many of them have taken a trip over to the division stockade this week in order to take a look at the fellows who are fit representatives both physically and mentally of the Boches who occupy one edge of No Man's Land. They are good looking, well developed physically and apparently of fair education. Few of them speak English but "spechen zie Deutsch" as often as allowed. Some of them are wearing the uniforms of German sailors, others are in ordinary civilian clothes, others overalls, and others various costumes.

They came in about a week ago from Fort McPherson, and they are quartered in the camp penitentiary surrounded by high barbed wire and American soldiers with Enfields who would cut loose five times without batting an eye. And incidentally, it may be said, that most of the aforesaid guards would be tickled to death at the chance of a justification to cut loose. For, you know, it grows more or less monotonous after a bit, shooting at nothing but figure targets and bull's eyes. That kind of target is pretty tame, anyway, for the average American soldier; even if he is young at the game.

The prisoners, though, are not going to give any soldier on guard at the stockade a chance to try his Enfield on a Hun. In the first place, they know it would be sure death, and in the second, judging from their attitude and general manner, they are well content to be prisoners. They are getting three good meals every day here and a covering over their heads at night. And they are treated as human beings, though there may be room for doubt as to whether they really are or not. "Kultur" isn't human, you know. At least, the German idea of it is not.

They evidently reason that being an American prisoner of war is much smoother sailing than being in a ditch opposite an American sector catching —well, Sherman said it. They talk and they smile. They smoke their pipes and look at ease. When they are ordered to do anything, they do it with alacrity and if they could all speak English they would say, "Yes, sir, boss, just tickled to death to do anything you say."

If they have got a worry about the war they don't show it in their faces and something about them seems to give out the expression: "Well, dear Kaiser, we are out of it and are glad of it. Ish ki bibble!" So far as their personal safety here is concerned, they know that they should not worry.

They are hard workers, all right. Since their arrival here they have been doing general utilities work—repairing roads and moving lumber and such jobs. A sergeant of the quartermaster corps who has had charge of a number of them for several days was talking to me about them today:

"They are the first Germans I have ever had anything to do with," he said. (He comes from a section of No'th Caliny where there aren't any.) "I have never handled better workers in my life. They don't creep along with a load; but go in a trot. And they keep it up all day long. Fact is, it looks to me like they are afraid of their jobs, which I reckon will last for some time to come.

"I just noticed this morning, as I pointed my finger unthoughtedly in the direction of one Fritz who was standing at leisure because there was nothing for him to do just at that moment. As quick as a flash he stooped down and picked up a piece of manure. It was the only thing in that road he could pick up, and I guess he was afraid I was going to give him the dickens for loafing on the job.

"I have never seen workmen before who apparently never tire. Still, I guess if I were a prisoner in Germany I would put out considerably myself."

Most of the prisoners are young men, some 20 to 30, and maybe a few a little over that. They appear to be very much interested in their surroundings as well as their work. A load of them standing in a big government truck and going up the road a little distance do not miss seeing a thing.

According to the sergeant quoted above, they are not satisfied with the exercise secured through a hard day's work; but at the day's close on their return to the stockade, they spend a couple of hours or so in running and jumping and playing tag.

This morning they were put to work building a new stockade which they will occupy exclusively, since it has been considered unwise to keep them in the same enclosure with general prisoners of the camp. That they will build for themselves a strong prison is assured. Camp Sevier military authorities will see to that. And no doubt the prisoners themselves want to build it so tight that there will be no chance for them to get back to the land of autocracy and Kultur.

Of very peculiar interest to the few negro soldiers here are these Germans.

A truck load of them was halted this morning beneath the warehouse in which I have an office. I was standing on a platform interested in looking them over myself. Two or three negro soldiers were also standing there.

"Boss," one of them inquired of me, "what kind of peoples is dem dere in dat truck?"

"Germans," I replied.

"Aw, go on, white man," the colored soldier replied. "Yo' all know dem ain't no Germans."

"Surely are," I said. "German prisoners."

"Is dem de same kind o' folks what yo' an' me is a-fightin'?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, suh, judgin' from the looks ob dem, dey is got some sense.

"But I reckon dey ain't, 'cause if dey did have, dey never would hab tackled yo' an' me an' all de rest ob us, would dey, boss?"

And then he laughed a regular old time nigger laugh.

James D. Grist.

TRICKSTERS IN A CORNER

Light on the Personnel of the State Executive Committee.

In the beginning it was disloyalty to the government. Having no claim upon the support of the people of South Carolina and wishing to continue in their outrageous rule of the state government the anties centered upon this issue of patriotism. Fortunately there was sufficient time before election day for the people to do some good, hard thinking. After a thorough investigation and discussion of the so-called issue of patriotism it was almost if not unanimously decided that every person in the state like those in other states, is patriotic to the extent that every individual is ready to give his life in the cause of America. When it was found that the Washington administration was convinced of the patriotism of Blease and every one of his followers the bottom dropped completely out of the only thing upon which the hypocrites had hoped to make a stand. Long before the anties realized that the country was actually laughing at their hypocricy it was known that there could be no patriotic issue since patriotism was the common attribute of every man and woman. And so the "issue" died a natural death while live boys from the Reform homes marched in greater numbers to the battle front.

The next move was to ride roughshod over the rules of the people's primary and open the lists to admit additional candidates. The thing was so filled with danger to the well being of the commonwealth that even the nerve of John Gary Evans failed him when the time came to talk about it. The News and Courier with its usual hatred for honor and fair play, made a desperate effort to smash the whole fabric of the system upon which rests the safety of the Democratic party in this state. Calmer heads soon put the quietus on both the News and Courier and Evans and the idea of opening the lists went the route of the patriotic "issue."

But this left the matter the same as it has been all along. The ridiculous attitude of the group [illegible] only to add votes to the already tremendous Blease majority.

But something, they argued, had to be done. So they appealed once more to the man said by the Columbia State to be the arch-corruptionist. "Jaggery" Evans prepared a resolution calling upon Blease and McLaurin to withdraw on account of disloyalty to the Democratic party. He forgot that no such question was raised when these two candidates filed their pledges. He forgot also that the voters of South Carolina are well able to decide such question for themselves. A person would think that Evans, who is said to be "slick," would prove himself worthy of even that unenviable title. If there is anything in being "slick," he fails to show just where it is to be found.

Of all men Evans should be the last to speak of party loyalty. Every person in the state is familiar with his record. He was chosen by the party to be governor. Was he loyal to the party? We should say not. Read the files of the Columbia State if you want to know something of this "obnoxious" chairman of the executive committee. If there is anything in the line of corruption that he was not accused of, we would like to hear about it. Now he acts as spokesman for his new "friends" and wants to pass upon the party loyalty of Mr. Blease after that gentleman submitted without a whimper, to being robbed out of his last election as governor with Evans as chairman of the party's machinery. The whole thing is so outrageously disgusting that the wonder is that Evans with his reputation blackened by the State cannot see it for himself. He above all men has unmitigated nerve to venture an opinion concerning any man. One would think that in his declining years he would make an effort to partly redeem himself in the eyes of his fellow citizens by devoting his remaining energy to living down the black charges brought against him back in the 90's.

Now, to make matters worse he has forced himself into national committeeman. When this foolish talk about party loyalty comes to an end as it will in short order, we will probably be comforted with the suggestion that we prove loyalty to our "obnoxious" national committeeman.

However, South Carolinians are loyal to America and loyal to the Democratic party. The Reform side of the party stands ready to defend our country abroad and at home. This is a settled fact and will not be disputed by any except trickster politicians like Evans and the few who are desperate in their desire to continue control against the best interest of the state.—Charleston American.

Austrian prisoners recently taken by the Italians, have expressed great surprise when informed that the United States was taking part in the war. When an automobile carrying an American mission, stopped before a line of Austrian prisoners, one of them called out in English to the chauffeur, "Say, what are you doing here?" When told that the United States was very much in the war, the prisoner said: "Well, I hope the Americans keep coming strong enough to win the war. Then we can get out of this mess and go back to America."

President Wilson has suspended Local Board No. 4 of the Fifth ward, Philadelphia, pending an investigation by a Federal grand jury of alleged irregularities in connection with the draft.

THE BUSINESS OF PUBLICITY

New Conditions Make Necessary New Methods.

IMPORTANT WORK POORLY PAID

Recent Act of Congress Taking Away Alleged Charity to the Newspapers, Brings Newspapers to Realization that They Must Depend Upon Their Own Merit for Existence.

Manufacturer's Record.

In announcing the raise of the subscription price of the Manufacturers' Record it is well to call attention to some facts in regard to the publishing business not generally known to the masses of the people, often not understood by men who are familiar with all other lines of industry than that of newspaper and magazine work.

It is a fact, we believe, not to be successfully controverted, that taken as a class the worth-while publishers of this country, whether this term be applied to the publishers of the great dailies, or the weekly or the monthly periodicals of business, science, progress or fiction, are leaders in the constructive thought of the nation.

Consider, for one moment, what it would mean to the life of the nation and of the individual, and to civilization itself, if these publications did not exist. The light of the present would be supplanted by the darkness of the middle ages, and chaos would reign.

The publishers of America meet their responsibilities in a way that does credit to American genius, and, beyond a doubt, they make possible the great advancement we see in our national life. They do it without a question as to the sacrifice of profits for the nation's welfare.

Despite the popular thought that publishers make fabulous profits, the business is at all times measured by the work and capital involved, one of the least remunerative in the land. And today, in war times, poverty treads rapidly upon the heels of nearly every publication in the country, with cost of raw materials and all other items which enter into publication work leaping forward with seven-league boots.

The publication business calls for a display of energy and nervous force and hard thinking and quick acting to keep abreast of the times, that is not imposed upon any other business. It is beyond all question a business of specialists; highly trained, dependent every day upon the nerve force and the thinking of the men who run it. And yet these men must, perforce, work on a lower basis of remuneration, by virtue of conditions which have surrounded the publication business, than any other set of men of equal ability and equal nerve-racking work in the country.

Because of circumstances, due, in part, to the early history of publication work, in part to the modesty or lack of courage on the part of publishers themselves, this business has been conducted on a basis where if it has not been in the position of a suppliant, it has to say the least, never had the courage to demand a fair price for the product that it issues and a due recognition by the world of the dignity and responsibility of its work and of the fact that the worker is worthy of his hire.

People have been educated to pay but a small sum for a newspaper or a magazine, no matter how meritorious it may be, and without regard to how far below the actual cost of the white paper and the printing, the price may have been.

The average man has come to feel that he has a right to ask for a free copy of newspaper, when he would never think of going to his grocer and asking for a free pound of sugar.

Many men, even some business men, who would view with horror the suggestion that they invite from their grocer or butcher a free contribution of food for their table, take it for granted as a matter of course that they have a right to ask of the newspaper free food for their brain; and thus they put the feeding of their brain as far less important than the feeding of their stomach.

The newspapers themselves are partly to blame for this condition. Many of them started without a dollar for capital and in early struggles sought business on the basis of "help the paper," when, in reality, the paper was helping the community in which it existed far more than the business men could possibly "help the paper."

Growing up from those early days, there came into the newspaper world a spirit which permitted subscribers and advertisers, and even those who wanted to use the paper without being either subscribers or advertisers to take it for granted that the newspaper was a purely philanthropic institution upon whose resources they could draw without limit, however great might be the burden thus placed upon the brain and strength of the editors and publishers.

Many who have been ready to run eagerly to the newspaper office for its aid in furthering their work or their plans have yet somehow held themselves as superior beings to the men who made the papers and thus held in their hands the power of what is really the superior element of the nation's life.

The time has come in the history of the world for a new declaration of independence which shall mark a revolutionizing change in the relation between the publishing business and the public.

It is time for the newspapers and the magazines which are worthy to exist to place a true value upon their services, and upon their part in maintaining the very life of the nation.

This new declaration of independence which should be issued from the office of every American publication, may mean some struggle. It may mean that those who have counted themselves as superiors will think that they can ignore this spirit of freedom and continue to deal with the publishing business as the people of the country have done in the past—disregard it when it suits their convenience, seek its favor when it can help, and then pay a beggarly sum for the paper or the magazine they buy while getting ten times the value of the amount they pay.

There are publications in this country selling from three to five cents a copy easily worth to every buyer five to ten times as much, and costing that much to produce. These publications, in the craze of large circulation, have sold their product at less than the cost of the white paper and trusted to large advertising to recoup their treasuries.

We do not blame the public half so much as we blame the publishers. The publishers have for years placed themselves in the position of suppliants, and the public has naturally accepted the estimate which the publishers have put upon themselves and their work.

In congress there has for years been a constant denunciation of the newspaper postal rate, though the United States is charging twice as high a postal rate for its newspapers and magazines as in Canada, and the move has now been put into effect to greatly increase the rate. It has been claimed that the publishers are making an enormous profit out of the government. As a matter of fact, they are not doing so. The public has been getting the benefit of the low postal rates which were brought into existence years ago by congress for the express purpose of serving the public, and now the government has increased the postal rate and added to the flat increase a zone system which during the next four years will advance rates from 50 to 90 per cent over former rates as the zone distance increases. American newspapers and magazines must choose between liberty or death. If they choose liberty they must utilize the occasion to place their business upon an entirely different foundation and to establish it on a declaration of independence which, so far as the publishing business is concerned, will be as revolutionizing as that of 1776 in world affairs. What that declaration meant in liberty enlightening the world the publishing business means, as in all of its ramifications it enlightens the world and advances the progress of science and art and everything else which makes for human advancement and in this hour when the life of civilization is at stake the newspapers and magazines must dedicate all that is in them to the mighty task of winning the war.

BIG FARM AT SEVIER

Government Planning to Raise Plenty of Food for the Soldiers.

Prof. H. Findlay of the garden branch service of the department of agriculture in Washington, is at Camp Sevier engaged in assisting in organizing the truck farm that is being operated by the conservation division of the office of the camp quartermaster. Prof. Findlay, who is a horticulturalist of national reputation, expects to spend the next six months in visiting the truck farms that are being conducted at the various camps and cantonments over the country.

In operating these truck gardens at the various camps, the government has a four-fold purpose; first to produce fresh vegetables for the soldiers; second to utilize and make productive all land belonging to the military reservations not in use; third to provide work for those enlisted men who are unfit for active military service, and fourth, to improve the lands about the camps which at some time in the future will again be in the hands of the farmers.

The Camp Sevier truck garden or farm which is located about a mile north of Locke station, includes 389 acres, which has been planted in peas, snap beans, sweet potatoes, corn and other vegetables. Some 75 acres have been planted in white potatoes and tomato plants, totaling several thousand, have been set out.

About fifty enlisted men, most of whom had more or less experience with farm work, have been assigned to that work. They have their quarters on the farm, and work under the direction of an experienced non-commissioned officer.

The farm equipment includes some forty or fifty animals and the very latest farming machinery. It is the intention of the conservation division to conduct this farm as a strictly business proposition and to make it pay its own way. While it is not the idea of the government to try to make any profit out of its farming operations, further than the profit which, of course, would accrue by its paying its own expenses, still with good seasons and good luck, it would not be surprising if the fall sees a big balance on the right side of the ledger from the farm.

In talking about the farm recently, Prof. Findlay said that while the soil is naturally poor, still he could see no reason why it should not be made productive, and that in his opinion, the hundreds of tons of manure taken from the camp stables will greatly enrich the soil. He expects a big production of vegetables and other truck from the farm in the late summer and early fall despite the fact that a late start was had. Another year will see the farm in splendid shape and producing enough wholesome vegetables to feed Camp Sevier with a sufficient surplus for perhaps another camp or two as large as Sevier.

James D. Grist.

(For the Yorkville Enquirer.)

TO KAISER BILL

By Alpha L. Neely.

We'll sing today about the war,
That stands the world agast,
And soaks the soil again in blood,
As in the ages past.
The Kaiser's bombs of poison gas,
His boats beneath the sea,
His ships that sail high in the air,
They lurk for you and me.
By force, he tramples down the weak,
He fights with flesh and steel;
He hopes, some day, to rule the world
Beneath his "iron heel."
We tried our best to live in peace—
We were slow to begin;
But since we're in it—look out, Bill—
We're going to rub it in.
We'll do without something to eat,
We'll teach our boys to kill,
We'll never suffer German rule;
We'll conquer "Kaiser Bill."

Lieut. Thos. M. Lynch, 360th infantry, has been dismissed from the army after courtmartial on charges of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. He was found guilty of using marked cards at Camp Travis, Texas.

BUILDING DEFECTIVES

Round Shouldered Rookie Given New Zest in Life.

SEEMING MIRACLES ARE BEING DONE.

Orthopedic Division at Camp Dix is Saving Many Men Otherwise Unfit —Crooked Spines, Flat Feet and Various Joint Defects Are Remedied—Physical and Mental Wrecks Built Up.

He came to the big training camp at Wrightstown, N. J., in a recent draft from a rural district in New York state. How the home board came to accept him is a mystery, for he was so round shouldered he looked like a hunchback. Had he arrived a few months earlier the camp examining board would have sent him back posthaste, but under the new ruling which permits the army to salvage from this human stream called forth by the draft much of the material that was formerly stamped "unfit" he was accepted.

For several days he drilled with his company in the depot brigade. At least he tried to drill, but nothing could get him to straighten up and throw back his shoulders. To make matters worse his feet went "bad" and finally he could scarcely hobble about. Then he was sent to the base hospital where he became a patient in the new orthopedic department.

Experts Take Charge.

Experts looked over his bent form and set to work. They massaged his back, and even "baked" it under an electric heater. They compelled him to undergo exercises until he winced at the pain of muscles and tendons which had been useless for years. The crooked spine became supple. With a supreme effort he could straighten his back while in bed, but when he sat up or walked he slouched in the same old stoop-shouldered posture.

"It's no use. I can't do it," he pleaded when a physical director told him to straighten up and go through the exercises, and apparently he could not. But the experts of this new department had still another card to play. They began to teach him self-confidence, and in a week had proved to his own satisfaction that he could straighten those shoulders.

He is now fit, not for a camp job but for a first line unit. The orthopedic experts actually inverted the hump on his back and made it bulge out his chest. He carries his head erect, his shoulders thrown back, and he now walks with a confident, easy stride, for they have strengthened the arches of his feet and have given him special shoes to correct any threatening defects.

His nervous [illegible] been the physical change, it is surpassed by his improved mental condition. He was inclined to be dull, listless, and careless. The straightening of his body seems to have given him a higher, brighter outlook on life, and there is snap even in his conversation. The doctors have made a better citizen as well as a good soldier.

"Puts a Man On His Feet."

The story of this young farmer is one of the many cases in which wonderful results have been obtained in this new branch of the army hospital service. Like many of the other projects planned for the new armies of the United States, Camp Dix has been made the experimental center for this science, which aims to "put a man on his feet again." The orthopedic treatment does not confine itself merely to correction of foot defects; it applies to joints in any part of the body. A rheumatic knee, a stiff shoulder, a dislodged vertebra, all come under the ministrations of this science; so broad is the field covered that Lieut. Col. W. Cole Davis, commandant of the base hospital, has allotted five wards for patients of the orthopedic department, and already they are filled.

The work of the new department is under the personal direction of Captain Rolland Meisenbach of Buffalo, and the manner in which he has made the lame walk and performed other seeming miracles has convinced war department officials that this new science can be made one of the most important factors in the general scheme of rehabilitation of human bodies. Dr. Meisenbach's chief assistant is Lieut. M. A. Blumer of Pittsburgh.

Experts have estimated that as many as 95 per cent of negroes and 49 per cent of whites called in the draft have foot defects of one kind or another and large numbers become acute under the stress of continued marching. A year ago the "flat-footed" recruit was rejected. Today he is accepted, and eventually lands in the orthopedic hospital for a course of treatment that it would be almost impossible for him to get in civil life. One of the patients most recently discharged as cured was the son of a wealthy physician, who had been unable to obtain for his boy the special treatment which he received free here.

Build Up "Broken" Arches.

So-called broken arches are built up by massage, various prescribed exercises, development of self-confidence, and, last but not least, the equipment of the patient with shoes specially built to overcome the defects from which he is suffering. A special cobbler's shop has been opened in the main ward. Former cobblers among the patients sent to the hospital are now doing the work, and incidentally are learning a branch of their trade which will enable them to demand big wages when they return to civil service.

Captain Meisenbach and his assistants render another important service to the army in that they can quickly spot the man who may be "stalling" in the hope of getting out of the service. A few of the tests they have devised will quickly make the faker convict himself. At the same time they discover many instances of real debility in cases that have aroused the suspicion of officers.

A New Jersey recruit, a heavy-set man who had been a hotel keeper, while drilling on the field with his company, suddenly sat down on the ground. His astonished officer shouted an order, but the recruit did not arise. He said he could not. Two fellow-recruits lifted him to his feet, but he collapsed when he tried to take another step. His company grinned when he was sent to the hospital in an ambulance, for they regarded him as a "quitter," but the surgeons found he was suffering from a real, but rare, ailment. For days he could get about the ward only on all fours. Under an elaborate treatment he is again learning to walk, and while he may never be fit for first-line service he can do camp duties that will release some able-bodied man for a line regiment.

Several recruits were found strong enough physically, but unfit for military duty because of web fingers. Orthopedic surgeons operated to correct this deformity, and these men have gone back to their regiments with free hands. In another case where extra toes on each foot prevented a negro recruit from wearing shoes and extra fingers annoyed him in handling a gun, the surgeons obligingly took off the extra digits.

GUARDED BY CANNON

Prussian Capital Surrounded by Large Number of Guns.

Berlin is defended by a labyrinth of monster guns of diameter ranging from 22 to 42 inches, hidden in pits 35 to 55 feet deep and 125 to 150 feet apart, and in three circles surrounding the city.

These defenses were outlined by John Erickson, native of Sweden, employed by the Rice Lake Lumber company of Minnesota. Erickson worked for five years on the outer defences of Berlin and before that time worked for the Motala Gun Works in Sweden, turning out heavy ordnance for Germany, which was prepared at that time to make good its dream of world domination.

Some of the guns forming the defence of Berlin are 200 feet long. All the guns are hidden in pits. Foundations are set in seven feet of granite sunk in the bottom of the pits. Of the three circles of these pits surrounding the city, one is seven miles from the city's outskirts, the next circle is eleven miles from the city and the largest ring circles the city fifteen miles distant.

A screen roof now protects these guns both from the elements and from sight. A layer of two feet of dirt covers the top. Gardens, grass crops and even trees are planted over the instruments of death to prevent their being detected. Electric motors are so arranged that these coverings may be thrown off like sheets of paper at a moment's notice.

Electricity controls the huge guns. The heart of the city is connected with every gun pit by electric railways running through the subways for carrying ammunition and reinforcements.

A chart with a map and a dial to indicate just where each shell is to fall hangs on the wall of every gunpit. The guns throw shells twenty-five or thirty miles. The destruction of each shell is determined by the elevation at which each gun is fired, and elevations are obtained through the use of electric motors to move the guns.

Prior to his employment on the defences of Berlin Erickson says he worked for years for the Motala gun works in Sweden. These works, as well as every gun works of Sweden, worked day and night for years prior to the war supplying munitions for Germany.

Just before the war was declared Erickson says the Motala gun works turned out 4,000,000 automatic rifles for Germany. This was the culmination of a huge order embracing every sort of gun and cannon, which for years kept 8,500 men in this gun works busy.

Plans for the defense of Berlin, Erickson said, were laid twenty years ago. Militarists of Germany, he said had planned the fall of Namur and Liege years before the war was declared, and they also planned their own capital must have defences stronger than those of the Belgian cities.

Numerous smaller German cities are similiarly protected, he said.

Lady Cowpunchers.—"Just as certain as shooting" says Bill Davis, Mayor of Fort Worth and ranch owner of Jefferson County, Okla., "we'll have cowpunchers in skirts before next summer, if the war doesn't end before that time. The government is no respecter of persons in the draft these days. It can't afford to be, in this emergency. Hence the ranchers of Oklahoma and Texas have got to give up their cowpunchers, and they must be replaced by women, just as women are replacing men on railroad trains, street cars, in barbershops, offices and stores."

Mayor Davis believes that women may do practically as well as men for the lighter duties of the ranch. In horsemanship, he says, many of them already have proved as efficient as men.

So long as we have men at home over the age of forty-five years, the ranchers need not seriously suffer through the subsditution of women for many duties," Mr. Davis says. "Naturally we would expect the men to do the heavy work by branding cattle and loading and unloading feed. But the women should do excellently in the saddle on the round-up and the long drive. She could easily attend to the dipping that is required, for it is a matter only of driving the cattle one at a time into the vat of oil. Wild West shows have proved that the average horsewoman could easily cut cattle on the range. She could do feeding and assist in loading cattle for market."

U-BOATS IN MOVIES

Huns Would Show Homefolks the Work They Are Doing.

Motion picture operators on German supersubmarines at sea are late additions to the U-boat fleets. Films are made of merchant vessel sinkings and taken home to be shown to the German populace to give an idea of the dangers of the deep, says an Associated Press dispatch from Norway.

Details of how a German submarine of the larger type commandeered the big Norwegian steamer Norefos and used her as a towboat for weeks at a time in the Atlantic, were related here recently by members of her crew.

The Norefos was overtaken by the German submarine off the Canary Islands early this year. Two German naval officers and fourteen sailors were sent aboard as a prize boat crew.

Then the submarine departed on a pirating expedition the Germans on the Norefos adjusting the wireless apparatus so as to be able to keep in communication with the undersea boat. On this trip the submarine was gone eight days, and upon her return to the Norefos the sailors heard that she had been in search of a British fleet of merchantmen from the other side of the Atlantic.

The submarine then tied up to the Norefos and for two weeks the Norefos roamed the sea with the submarine in tow as the U-boat was short of fuel.

The Norefos soon ran short of fuel and an effort was made to utilize green peanuts from the cargo, but they soon developed a gas which caused numerous small explosions in the fireboxes and created such a stream of sparks through the funnel that the ship nearly caught fire. So no more peanuts were used, and for several days the Norefos wallowed along with the wind and tide. When other ships were sighted the Germans unfurled the Norwegian flag.

After another two weeks' cruise the U-boat returned to her "mother" ship.

After helping themselves to a part of the cargo of rubber the prize crew returned to the supersubmarine, the Norwegians were ordered into lifeboats and the Norefos was sunk by three bombs exploded in her hold. The motion-picture operator on the U-boat took film records of all the important events starting with the seizure and the developments of the voyage with each return of the U-boat to the ship.

The Norwegian sailors were in lifeboats several days, being picked up by a French steamship, and several weeks ago they arrived in Christiania after an absence of five months.

KOLA

Russian Port Where Great Quantities of Supplies Have Been Accumulated.

Kola, the Russian Arctic port, where American, British and French marines are reported to have landed recently in order to protect munitions and provisions originally intended for the Russian government, is the subject of the following war geography bulletin issued by the National Geographic society from its Washington headquarters:

"Before the world war made every Russian fishing village on the Arctic ocean a potential city, the town of Kola, situated at the junction of the Kola and Tuloma rivers, had only about 600 inhabitants. Prior to the collapse of all organized government in Russia, however, it had become a place of great importance because of the fact that its harbor is relatively free from ice all the year, thanks to its location on the Murman coast, which is temper[illegible] the North Atlantic drift.

"Kola is about [illegible] of Alexandrovsk, the Russian naval base established 19 years ago five miles from the mouth of Kola bay.

"In peace times the chief occupation of the people of Kola is fishing, which is profitably followed by the natives from May to August.

"Kola is well within the Arctic Circle, being in latitude 63 degrees, 52 minutes. It is 335 miles northwest of Archangel, the great White sea port of Russia.

"The peninsula of Kola constitutes the major part of what is known as Russian Lapland. It is bounded on the north by the Arctic ocean and on the south by the White sea. Its area equals that of the state of New York and is largely a plateau having an average elevation of 1,000 feet. The Arctic shore, extending a distance of 260 miles, is known as the Murman coast (a corruption of "Norman"). It presents a rugged appearance, with cliffs rising abruptly from the sea to a height of nearly 700 feet in many places. There are several indentations, however, where excellent anchorage may be found, and one of these breaks in the granite line is Kola bay.

"The Kola peninsula is especially rich in its timber resources. Great forests of pine, birch, fir and spruce are to be found.

"The month of July in this region is usually quite warm, and the crops mature rapidly, the time of harvest being August, which is also the rainy month. Winter settles down over the peninsula in November.

"The Kola and the Tuloma are two of the many rivers which flow into the Arctic; there are also several large streams which drain the southern half of the peninsula and flow into the White sea."

Pershing is a Soldier, Not a Liar.—Statements of German cruelties attributed by a St. Louis newspaper to an unnamed sergeant of the American expeditionary forces, sent to the United States to assist in the third Liberty loan, are denied by General Pershing in a cablegram made public last week by the war department at Washington.

General Pershing recommended that if the sergeant was quoted correctly, he be returned immediately to France for active duty.

The statements attributed to the sergeant were quoted in General Pershing's cablegram as follows:

"The Germans give poisoned candy to the children to eat and hand grenades for them to play with. They show glee at the children's dying writhings and laugh aloud when the grenades explode. I saw one American boy, about 17 years old, who had been captured by the Germans, come back to our trenches. He had cotton in and about his ears.

"I asked some one what the cotton was for.

"'The Germans cut off his ears and sent him back to tell us they want to fight men!' was the answer.

"They fed Americans tuberculosis germs."

"There is no foundation whatever for such statements based on any experiences we have had," Gen. Pershing said.

Eighteen hundred coal consumers of Philadelphia, are being investigated by Federal authorities, and face probable prosecution on charges of violation of the fuel administration's orders. The consumers are alleged to have misrepresented their coal needs in ordering supplies for this year.

DUTIES OF MILITARY POLICE

They Are Of Use In Both Peace And War.

PRESERVE ORDER ABOUT THE CAMPS.

In Case of a Battle this Organization Has Much to Do With Preserving Order and Keeping Down Confusion.

Persons have grown somewhat familiar with the duties of the M. P. at camp. They know something of the importance and the unpleasantness of his task.

They have seen his work and learned something of what it means to the efficiency of an army. The officers of a company are responsible for the soldierly bearing of the men while on duty. While off duty, however, it is up to the M. P's.

The civilian population often fails to realize its debt to this branch of the service. The soldiers themselves, particularly the new ones, at times regard it as an organization the purpose of which is to take the joy out of life.

Working always in close co-operation with the civil authorities, it is the M. P's. duty to protect the soldier against himself and the community against those few who would forget that they are soldiers.

So much for his duties at home. At the front his duties are multiplied by as much as those of his other comrades in arms.

Speaking of this, the Christian Science Monitor of London has the following to say:

"You picture him as a sort of glorified university proctor, wearing a red-lettered blue band round his sleeve, and parading the streets in search of officers who wear purple socks, or leave their pockets unbuttoned, writes 'Buzzer' on the subject of the A. P. M. But the A. P. M.—assistant provost marshal, to give him his full designation—is a very much more heavily burdened individual when you meet him at the front. It is true he is still responsible, among many other things, for the seemly behavior of the troops, but his duties as a censor of manners, morals and etiquette occupy a far smaller fraction of his time.

As chief of the military police of his division he unites the functions of military governor, commissioner of police, prison governor, detective and traffic superintendent. It is laid down in the book that:

"'The duties of the M. P. (military police), under the orders of the A. M. P., are to see that the usual police regulations of the forces are observed and they are responsible for arranging the arrest of persons found without passes within the lines or plundering marauding, making unlawful requisitions or committing offenses of any kind.

"'They also assist in collecting stragglers and conducting them to the nearest units and in guarding against spies, etc.'

"Mark that 'etc.' The word comprises a multitude of unforeseen and unforseenable problems which confront the officer who administers that anomalous district 'The Back-of-the Front.' His powers extend over a foreign region peopled for the most part by noted military tribes. He has dealings with the natives of the country as well as with his own countrymen in khaki. It follows that he must be a man of commanding personality and infinite tact. He is the 'strong, silent man' of fiction in real life. He carries with him a certain air of aloofness; he feels himself a man apart from his fellows. For it is his lot to consort with brother officers whom he might at any time be called upon to report for some trifling offense against military discipline. He is a man it is as well to keep on the right side of.

"'The ideal A. P. M., has the gift of unobstructive ubiquity. A certain government official, attached to G. H. Q., once met an A. P. M. at lunch. 'It's a strange thing,' he remarked, 'that though I have been here three weeks I have never once been stopped by your police.' 'No,' replied the A. P. M. quietly. 'They reported you two minutes after your arrival, we telephoned G. H. Q. and found out all about you and they received instructions accordingly.'

"It is a field of operations like the Balkans that the quality of the A. P. M. is most severely tested. In a friendly country he knows how he stands in regard to the native, in an enemy country his position is equally clear, but in a treacherous country, which is a mixture of both, his legal status is very delicate and his difficulties immeasurable.

"On the Macedonian front in former days some of the natives were pro-Entente, some were pro-Bulgar, some were anti-Venizelist and some were merely brigands. It was the A. P. M. who had to distinguish friend from spy, to nose out intrigue and treachery, and to unearth secret stores which were being hoarded for the purpose of smuggling into the enemy lines. It needed the wisdom of a Solomon, the subtlety of a Ulysses and the personality of a Napoleon to carry out the duties of an A. P. M. with justice and efficiency. The genius who held that position in the Struma district in those days marvelously combined all those qualities and was a rattling good fellow into the bargain.

"Most arduous of the A. P. M. duties is the regulation of traffic, even in quiet times the traffic problem is a 'poser.' One road must be reserved for in-going, another for out-going traffic—one road is fit for heavy guns, another impracticable for anything but infantry; another leads nowhere; another has been suddenly made impassable by a stray shell. The conditions are variable enough when 'all is quiet on the front.' In an attack or a retreat only a marvel of cool-headed organization can prevent chaos. The A. P. M. must spend long days and endless nights in the saddle under fire, supervising his traffic controllers and improvising new regulations to meet conditions [illegible] after every hour.

"'Next time you read of [illegible] advance or a [illegible] ment, think of the [illegible] by the officer [illegible] hand on his